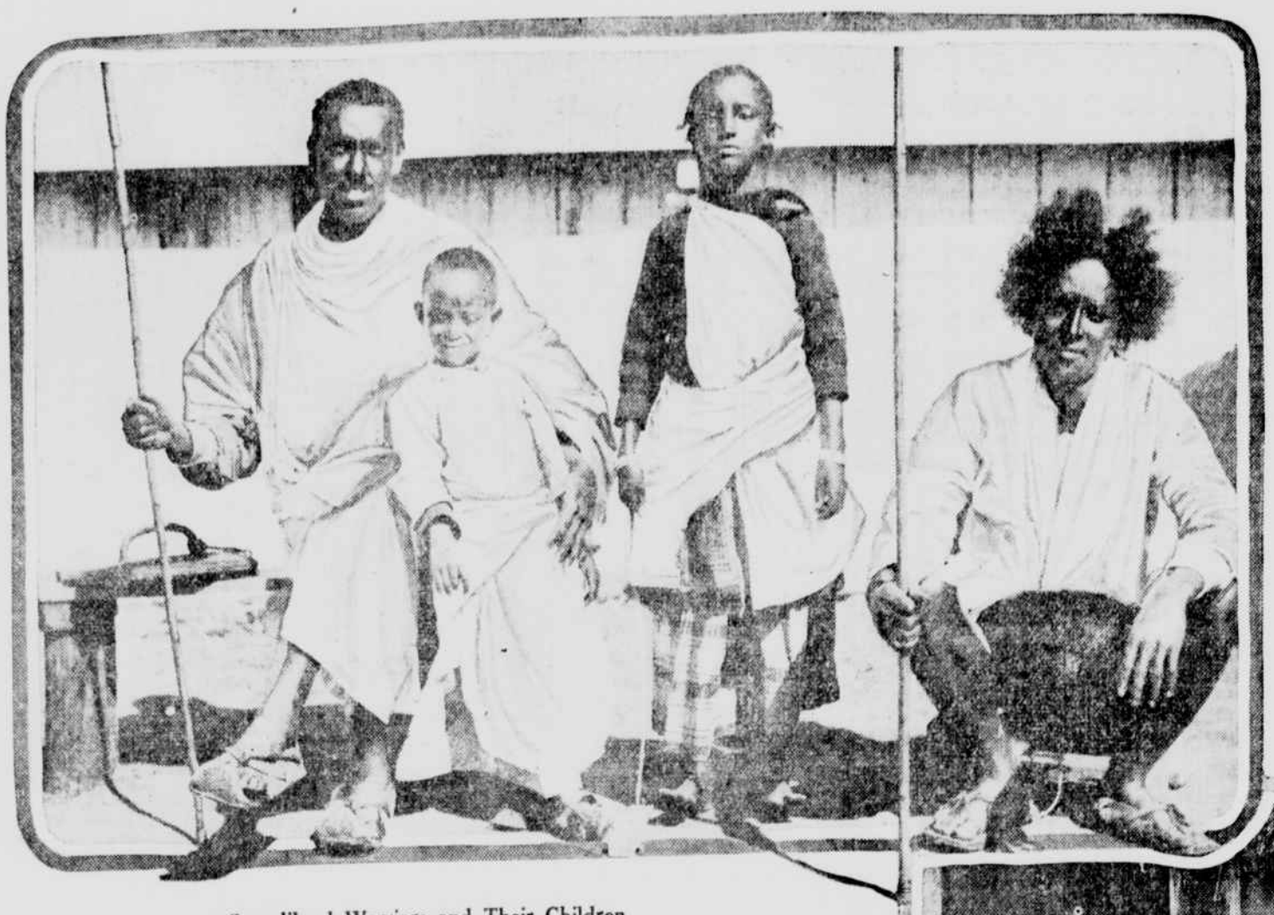
A BIT OF MAORILAND SET DOWN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Native Village That Enchants Visitors at the Panama Exposition.

Comely, Cleanly and Graceful People, Classed at Head of Native Races, Bring Primal Atmosphere with Them.



Somaliland Warriors and Their Children.

THE first sight of the native New Zealand or Maori Village—one of the half dozen assemblies of little known people from across far seas that are brought together in the amusement zone of the San Francisco Exposition—gives you a distinct thrill. When you catch a glimpse of the small thatched huts—slender, aspiring—their carved fronts gay with plenty of strong color, all the blood in your body leaps. Something in you answers. You don't know what it is yourself, so new is the sensation, but that of you which is ancient, unsubduable, primal, says, "Come." And the longer you linger in the garden, with its gates guarded by strangely carved, vividly painted posts, its row of quaint stockaded dwellings facing a street, orderly and set about with green, the more you realize that you are under the spell of some enchantment, the more you long to see the country where the Maoris live—far away New Zealand—and the Maoris themselves.

It may never be your good fortune to see Maori land (which by the way, you must pronounce as though it spelled Mowrie), but the people whose village attracts you, them you may meet then and there. First, a word as to the arrangement of the village itself. You come into it on the side; to your left, farthest back, is the row of huts with the stockade in front, and the street. Directly before you is an oblong platform on which they give their dances, and to the right are rows of seats for visitors.

A PEOPLE WHOSE GENIUS FINDS ANSWERS TO LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

You know by their homes that the Maoris must be no ordinary race, and in truth all "the books," as Mark Twain would say, agree that they stand high in the scale of humanity, though disagreeing on many other points. There is the expression of real genius in these homes—the genius of a people who have met and hewed out answers to the questions life put up to them, and you know it again when you look into their frank eyes. The Maoris are a comely folk—the smooth adjective, with its Scriptural flavor, applies well to them. Rather tall, firmly knit, well featured, their brown skin like satin, their brown eyes beautifully lashed, feet and hands slender—you wonder at once what blood flows in their veins, whence that heritage of refinement and beauty. You begin to realize a vast ignorance. Why, you had, in imagination, painted all these native races away out there in southern seas, thousands of miles from your nowhere, as crude savages, perhaps uncouth and unkempt.

But here are a people with a definite grace and bearing—a grace instinctive, inherent. Like nearly all the North American Indian tribes, and the races of Mexico and South America—indeed, like nearly all primitive peoples—they have legends of an outland origin.

The manager of the Maori Village at the exposition says that the Maoris trace their descent back to the early Egyptian; that in a long ago dawn of history they came from Arabia through India, down the Malay and Strait settlements to the island of Polynesia. Here they divided. One group went to the Cook Islands, and the other to New Zealand. The fact that these two widely severed islands speak still a language so similar that they can understand each other is at least one item of evidence in favor of this theory. But to refer again to "the books," we are told that the Maoris are Polynesians who came originally from Samoa. And many of their own legends would certainly seem to confirm this belief.

It seems strange to find a people of so much native grace and personal dignity still practising tattooing, and tattooing of a very hideous sort. This was formerly almost universal among them, but it is now fast disappearing. The faces rather than bodies are thus disfigured, and there is a distinctive style, shall I say? of tattooing for ladies and one for gentlemen. The men have the full face tattoo—the entire countenance, except the nose and the skin close around the eyes, being fairly well covered. The women affect only the lip and chin tattoo. Four of these tattooed women are among those at the Maori Village in the exposition.

Strong marks all drooping downward are drawn about the lips and chin, giving them literally a very down-in-the-mouth expression, upon which a lady visitor, who looked at me like a militant suffragette, commented bitterly, "That's the expression of subjection that a man likes to see on a woman's face; and when he is a frank enough savage he puts it there so it will stay." Sometimes the tattoo lines, I noticed, are carved into the flesh, sometimes merely drawn in. They are colored dark red and blue.

Just as this barbarous tattooing is out of harmony with their native physical grace, so is there an incongruity in their living. These people are natural artists, poets and orators. Yet in their native state they were cannibals, too. They ate, however, only their enemies. No such hideous scenes as described by Robert Louis Stevenson, South Sea Islanders in the horrible "long pig" regions, devouring friends and relatives indiscriminately ever took place among the Maoris. The practice among them wore somewhat the tincture of ceremonial—a triumphant demonstration, wherein they ate their slaughtered foe to incorporate his valor in their own persons. They had developed considerable strategic ability in warfare. Indeed, their proud record is that they were never conquered, even by the English. The British government made treaties with them, and to-day Maori representatives are seated in the Australian Parliament.

THEY ARE HAPPY, THOUGH (OR BECAUSE?) UNCIVILIZED.

Ethnologists class the Maoris as the strongest mentally, and physically of any of the native races, so called. Their domestic life, though (or shall I say because?) not modelled along our lines, is clean, happy, harmonious. They love their children greatly, and the women live such natural lives that no twilight sleep is needed to ease for them the great function of life-giving.

The carved fronts to the Maori houses and the carved posts in their gardens at once set them in a different class from any primitive peoples. Conventional scroll designs, vigorous in line, which after carving are strongly colored—red, blue, black and white—are used for most of these house fronts. Human figures appear frequently and always very frankly nude. The faces of these carved statues are invariably grotesque, wearing the expressions assumed by the Maoris in some of their symbolic dances. The carving is done on totara, a very hard native wood. It is extremely dense also; a small carven post which I picked up swung in my hand like iron.

There are three gateways in the stockade that runs in a concave curve before the row of huts at the exposition. At each of these gateways there are a pair of carved posts surmounted by one figure in green. This figure is the great totara lizard, his mouth wide open, and from those huge jaws a birdman is escaping. The escaping birdman's countenance, while human, is made to suggest the bird race by an exaggeration of the nose into a definite beak. The great totara lizard is the only lizard now living that also existed in prehistoric times. To the contemplative and inquiring mind there is something very interesting here. Imagine the birds (birds first appeared as the age of reptiles was giving way) that this totara lizard must have seized or tried to seize. But the bird escapes; the higher form of life had come—had come on wings—to persist, as the Maori, with sound feeling, shows in this carved figure that he sets up for garden posts. Another curious strand that I braided in with this one of the totara lizard and the birdman is the fact that all the human figures in the carvings show only three fingers to the hand—three fingers and a thumb. There you have the bird's foot—or his hand, whichever you choose to call it. True, they have a legend to account for this three-fingered anatomy of their statues; but it is very easy to manufacture a legend ex facto. The explanation tacked to this custom is that the first Maori carver—the man who invented the art—had but three fingers, and those who came after him, in loyal gratitude and admiration, have cut always three-fingered figures.

A Somaliland Belle.

Family records are long kept among the Maoris—indeed a sort of ancestor worship supplies them a religion. Heirlooms, called tangiwais, are handed down by them through generations; the traditional history of some of these run back four or five hundred years. One of these tangiwais, a curiously carved ornament about an inch and one-half long by three-quarters of an inch broad, in general outline much like a tiny baby's shoe sole or a crude, thick figure eight, little end down, a thing to be worn as a pendant, was shown to me by one of the women whom they call Eileen, though her native name, which pleases me much better, is Rangiriri. Rangiriri is the chief government guide of the famous Returra Thermal district. This tangiwai she showed me has been in her family for at least five hundred years. A crude, fascinating thing it was, which laid a potent charm on you if you looked at it too long. I was dangerously able to imagine myself stealing it, once given a fair chance. It was of translucent green stone, which the Maoris call "The Weeping Water" stone with its clear, pale color. She told me the design was a tiki or good luck device; and it was plain that she cherished it greatly.

The native costume, as I understand the matter, was simply a short skirt, fringe-like in appearance, and made of whole flaxed stems. The men wore only this, but the women added to it a mat hung across the bosom by shoulder straps. Rangiriri showed me with great pride her native costume, made by her own hands, just as any girl of an Ohio or California village might display dainty lingerie and pretty frocks stitched and embroidered by her own needle. Its mat was woven by hand of flax thread, undyed and lustrous as silk, the color like that of pongee. A fringe of ki-wi feathers ran across the top and bottom; and I will have you know that the ki-wi is now almost extinct and protected by the government. Certainly only their rarity it is that makes them so prized; for they are common-looking little brownish-gray things like the small feathers of any barnyard fowl, not to be mentioned for splendor with the bright-colored puff of parrot plumage wrought into the bottom of the garment just above the hem.

The construction of one of these skirts, which is in fact only a fringe of flax stems, is an intricate undertaking. Rangiriri, who speaks excellent English, explained to me that green flax is used. From alternate sections, several inches in length, the bark is removed, and the fibre left uninjured. These free sections are then dyed (in her skirt they were dyed black), giving the skirt a strong color tone. In her hair she wears with this native costume a rare huia feather. There will be no new huia feathers in the market of Maoriland—the huia is definitely extinct. And this single feather—which is worn like the scalp feather of the Indian maiden, standing straight up on the poll—is a precious possession, of a brown that is almost black and with a saucy white tip that suggests the white plume of a leader. Of course, our dress, like our customs, is rapidly replacing their distinctive and picturesque native garb. But so far the Maori women, so Rangiriri confided to me, have held out valiantly against corsets. "And we haven't weak backs, either," she added, with a flash of triumph.

These people do not all look alike, as we once thought the Chinese did. In the matter of color, some of them are brown as coffee berries; others are olive skinned, like the people of south Europe. There are individuals with hair that curls thickly, those with straight locks, and yet others with waving hair. I saw one young woman, fine-featured, broad-browed, delicate-faced, her brown eyes shaded by long, curling lashes, her thick, straight hair parted and braided in two long braids. There was something pensive in the countenance. She might well be painted for a Madonna of her people. Leaning beside her, with an arm thrown around the slender Madonna, was a companion who made a perfect foil for her—stout, her cheeks too well rounded and her ruddy color too high. She was a pleasing creature, buxom, laughing-eyed—the barmaid type. Among the young men I saw one youth careless, debonair, with the smiling glance of a faun, his head small and round and classic, with close-curling hair; he might have been an early Greek of the Golden Age. Moving close to him was another, thoughtful, grave, with sharp-cut features and an austere glance; he might have stepped from out some other day and time—a poet, an artist, a seer, a dreamer.

The girls, so softly fashioned, with such lustrous eyes and pleasing features and such grace of manner, like all the people of the southern seas, age early. They are often mothers at twelve, grandmothers at twenty-five—shrunken, the burnt-out shards of women. They are as immaculately clean a people as the Dutch. Theirs is a geyser country; it has its hot water laid on. One might say that this partly accounts for their exquisite cleanliness; but there is some instinct there, too, something in the nature that leads them to keep their homes and persons sweet and spotless. Everything about Rangiriri was shining, her underlinen like snow, and neatness and a good clean odor that is the best of all odors permeated the small room that is her Exposition home.

Their dances are of two kinds—Poi dances, historical dramas, symbolical of their past life and danced by women only; the war dances only by the men. Among the Poi dances the canoe dance is one of the most charming. It was given here by a group of young women, who showed in graceful pantomime the whole process of building the canoe. The slim, brown, delicately rounded bodies bent and swayed, turned and stooped and flexed, passing materials, going through all the processes from the felling of the tree up to the finishing of the little vessel. Through all this they sang, in perfect time and rhythm. Finally the canoe was finished—in this case it consisted of the brown bodies of four of the girls lying curved in a flowing line on the platform. Above them stood four others ready to launch the craft. A heave, a strain, a long, drawing note, a flinging movement—splash! and they are off. The song breaks into a more lyrical note as the canoe, seized by the swift water, shoots downstream, the four rowers bending to their paddles. It would seem incredible that without orchestra, without a comprehensive language, a group of six or eight half-savage girls could, with only a crooning song, some simple postures and gesticulation, put before one's mind so vividly a section of the drama of their lives.

A French Somaliland Woman and Her Child.

Nominees, Long Dead, for Women's Hall of Fame

A FEW days ago it was announced that because of a widely expressed desire for a larger recognition of women in the Hall of Fame, New York University had set apart a site for a Hall of Fame for Women. Gifts of more than $32,000, it was reported, had been received for the laying of the foundation and for other purposes connected with the completion of the north colonnade. A considerable number of women have been nominated for the honor of record in the hall, and on July 1 these names will be voted upon by the electors.

There is an old-fashioned flavor to the classifications, for, of course, they are of women who have been dead some time. There are none who were painters, sculptors, managers of business, executive secretaries or lawyers. No, they are simply classified as educators and missionaries, home or social workers, philanthropists and authors. And very few persons, comparatively speaking, know anything about most of them, or what they did which makes them eligible for enrolment in the Hall of Fame. The names of some of them are not even found in the great volumes of the encyclopaedia of national biography. Yet one discovers upon looking them up that they were truly large spirited women, struggling against great odds in their efforts to do something which would make life better worth while for their fellow men, even in some cases becoming actually martyrs. An interesting game might be developed by taking the following list of nominations to a social gathering and asking those present to pick out the names of the persons about whose accomplishments they could tell anything.

WOMEN WHOSE ACHIEVEMENTS HAVE LED TO NOMINATION FOR HONOR.

The list is as follows: Educators and Missionaries—Isabella Graham, Barbara Heck, Elizabeth A. Seton, Sarah Boardman Judson, Alice Freeman Palmer, Melinda Rankin, Fidelia Fiske, Eliza Agnew.

Home or Social Workers and Philanthropists—Eleanor Dare, Dorothea Lynde Dix, Mary Dyer, Anna Hutchinson, Dorothy Payne Todd Madison, Lucretia Mott, Eliza Lucas Pinckney, Catherine Van Rensselaer Schuyler, Lucy Blackwell Stone, Martha Washington, Mary Washington, Margaret Tyndall Winthrop.

Authors—Abigail Smith Adams, Louisa May Alcott, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Sarah Margaret Fuller (Ossoli), Helen Hunt Jackson, Lydia H. Sigourney, Constance Fenimore Woolson.

There are some names in the list that would not have been included if they had not been related by marriage or otherwise to certain of America's great men; for instance, those of Mary Washington, the mother of George Washington, and Martha, his wife.

Abigail Smith Adam was a letter writer of power whose communications played a part in the early life of the nation, but she is probably not altogether responsible for the fact that John Adams, her husband, became the second President of the United States. Born in Weymouth, Mass., November 23, 1744, in the household of the Rev. William Smith, minister of the Congregational Church of that place, she was considered, socially, so superior to John Adams, the young lawyer and son of a small farmer, that her acquaintances and her father's congregation objected to his attentions to her. He was considered beneath her. Her father, who had a sense of humor, answered the objections from the pulpit by preaching from the text, "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil."

Margaret Tyndall Winthrop was the third wife of the first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Many will be unable to answer the question, Who was Isabella Graham?

She was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, July 29, 1742, her maiden name being Marshall. After the death of Dr. John Graham, her husband, who was surgeon in the British army, she took up teaching as a means of supporting her family of three daughters, all of whom were under eight years of age. Finally settling in New York, she established several philanthropic organizations for the help of the poor and conducted a school which became prosperous. She died here July 27, 1814.

The name of Barbara Heck should be well known to Methodists, for she has been called the "Mother of Methodism in the United States." It was of her that Bishop Fowler said in connection with the opening of Heck Hall at the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanstown, Ill.: "Barbara Heck put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbed into existence American Methodism." She aided in the erection of the Wesley Chapel, which later became the John Street Methodist Church. She died in Augusta, Canada, where she and her family went at the beginning of the Revolution, the date being 1804.

Elizabeth Ann Seton, who was born in this city August 23, 1774, the daughter of Episcopalians, became a Roman Catholic and founded the Order of Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul in America. At the time of her death, January 4, 1821, there had been established in the Middle and Southern States more than twenty communities of Sisters of Charity in charge of orphan asylums, schools and hospitals.

Sarah Hall Boardman became the second wife of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, the great Baptist missionary, whose name is commemorated in the Judson Memorial Church, Washington Square. She was born at Alstead, N. H., November 4, 1803, and, spending the major part of her life as a missionary in India, where she endured with marked heroism almost indescribable hardships, she died at sea September 3, 1845, while on her way home with her husband and children, and was buried on the island of St. Helena.

Alice Freeman Palmer, who died at Wellesley January 20, 1894, was one of America's brilliant women. She was the second president of Wellesley and did a marvellous piece of work in raising the standard of its scholarship, increasing the number of students and erecting buildings. She was the wife of Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard, whose account of her life is one of the fine pieces of American biography.

Fidelia Fiske, who was born in Shelburne, Mass., May 1, 1816, was a missionary to the Nestarians in Persia. She helped introduce education to the women of that country. Broken in health, she returned to this country in 1858, and died at Shelburne August 9, 1864.

CRUSADE OF DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX IN AID OF THE INSANE.

When one becomes acquainted with the record of Dorothea Lynde Dix, who was born at Hampton, Me., April 4, 1802, one does not wonder that her name is included among the nominations. She played a large part in the care of the insane. She visited the institutions in twenty states, starting movements for remedying conditions and establishing institutions. In the course of four years she travelled more than 10,000 miles, visiting eighteen penitentiaries, three hundred county jails and houses of correction and more than five hundred almhouses, besides hospitals and houses of refuge. She carried her crusade into Halifax and Toronto and successfully attacked the inhuman lunacy laws of Scotland. She reformed the system on the Channel Islands and remodelled the methods practised in the hospitals and asylums in Norway, Holland, Italy, Russia and Greece. It was she who warned the president of the Philadelphia & Baltimore Railroad of the danger which threatened Lincoln on the way to his inauguration. She died on July 17, 1887, and it was said of her that "as the founder of vast and enduring institutions of mercy in America and Europe she had simply no peer in Protestantism."

Mary Dyer was a colonist in Massachusetts and a conspicuous disciple of Anne Hutchinson. She was a Quaker. Being "moved by the spirit to return again to the bloody town of Boston," she was executed there because of her religious views. She was a woman of spice, as indicated by her reply to an elder of the Church, who asked her, as she was about to be executed, if she wished one of the elders to pray for her. "Nay," said she, "first a child; then a young man; then a strong man before an elder of Jesus Christ."

Anne Hutchinson, who was murdered by the Indians near the Connecticut-New York line in September, 1643, few need to be told, almost broke up the Massachusetts colony by the exposition of her religious theories.

Nor is it necessary to say much about Dolly Madison, the beautiful wife of President Madison, who, as she was hurrying away from the President's home at Washington just before the city was captured and burned by the British in 1814, remembered to cut from its frame a portrait of Washington by Stuart and take it with her in her carriage.

There is not space to tell what Lucretia Mott did. Born on the island of Nantucket January 3, 1793, she became more distinguished as a preacher than any other person in her order, that of the Hicksite Quakers. She took up the cudgels for the slaves, and was the first person to advocate that women teachers should receive the same pay as men. She tried to raise the wages of the laboring class and was an active advocate of temperance. Mrs. Mott was one of the women who signed the call for the first woman's rights' convention, which was held at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in July, 1848. She was singularly beautiful, and Coombe, the phrenologist, pronounced her head the finest he had ever seen on a woman. Great in many ways, she died November 11, 1880, aged nearly eighty-seven years.

Elizabeth Lucas Pinckney was the wife of Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, living in the middle of the eighteenth century. She had marked executive ability, managing her father's farm near Charleston. She introduced the cultivation of indigo into the colony and developed the culture of silkworms and the weaving of silk. She is described as having been clever, energetic and well educated.

Catherine Van Rensselaer Schuyler was the wife of General Philip Schuyler, of Saratoga fame, and the mother-in-law of Alexander Hamilton.

Lucy Blackwell Stone has been described as a reformer. She certainly was an energetic radical, her conviction about the equality and rights of women being so strong that when she married Henry B. Blackwell, in 1855, they had to send thirty miles to the Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, in order to have a clergyman who would omit the word "obey" from the marriage service. She regarded the merging of the wife's name in that of the husband as a symbol of legal subjugation, and with the cordial approval of her husband retained her own name. In 1869, in connection with William Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Colonel T. W. Higginson and others, she took part in the organization of the American Woman Suffrage Association.

Of those included among the authors the one least known is Constance Fenimore Woolson, who was a grandniece of James Fenimore Cooper, and wrote several books, including "East Angels," "Anne" and "Rodman the Keeper." She lived part of her life in England.